

A MIRAGE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

All alone in a valley of icy rain,
With my heart worn out with a terrible chain,
I gazed on the Future's mysterious plain
As a vision of loveliest light.

Dim, hushed, and bewildering in beauty it rose,
As weary I sighed for a place of repose,
While around me the north wind went drifting the snows
Through the desolate dark of the night.

'Twas a castle as dreamy and fair as could be,
With its marble half shadowed by many a tree,
Mirrored in the blue deeps of a miniature sea,
While a fiery thirst burned in my soul ;
And fruits of a beautiful richness hung low
In bird-haunted groves, shining 'mid the green glow ;
Delighted, I murmured : oh, fate ! let me go—
I see such a glorious goal !

A form like thine own wooed me on to the scene,
With fond arms reaching out o'er the water's still sheen,
To clasp the lone wanderer whose way long had been
Through a vale of the drearest despair.

I forgot the lost light of Allan's blue eyes,
And, thinking of thee, how I hushed all my sighs,
And reved on and on for a beautiful prize—
But alas, it was painted in air !

Now I'm weary again and the winds of the night
Drift the snows round my heart—but a vision of light
Rises, mist-like, once more on my spirit's dim sight,
And woos me away to be blest.

That vision of light is most wondrously fair,
That vision of light is not painted on air !
But the valley of shadows divides—it is there,
It is there that the weary find rest !